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Local Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Talking Machine Co., Washington and Mayer Shoes—the best all around line of Shoes in Alaska.—Amazon Hip Rubbers—the best yet, good looking and strong and guaranteed.—Finck's Overalls, Bridge & Beach Stoves, Ivy Flour—"it clings like the ivy"—once tried, always used.

Large Shipment of BRIDGE & BEACH Stoves already Received for the Fall Trade, so that you can make your selection early

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Everything to Furnish a home will be found in this store. Come and see our new display of Beautiful

Crockery, Teasets, Dinnersets, Art Pottery
At Prices that Beat Competition

ENJOY THE FINE WEATHER

Take a Kodak with you, send your friends and store up for your old age some souvenir pictures of your own make of the beautiful Alaskan scenery

MINERS' SUPPLIES AND SPORTING GOODS, A SPECIALTY

See the new Remington Automatic Rifle. The Latest thing in the Gun World

Farquhar Matheson
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

CORPORATION OF WOMEN

Perhaps the Only Mining Organization in the World Composed of Women

The preliminary prospectus of the Alaska Garnet Mining and Manufacturing Company has been issued from the head office at Minneapolis, Minn. The organization is composed entirely of women, with Anna E. Rose, president, Anna E. Durkee, secretary and general manager, and a board of eleven directors. The purpose of the company is to mine the garnets of the ledge near the mouth of the Stikine River, about seven miles from this place, and cut and polish them at the manufacturing plant at Minneapolis. From the prospectus we glean the following:

"A ruby is scarcely more beautiful than this wonderfully rich, brilliant, fiery gem from the north. It is harder and takes a finer and more lasting polish than the Bohemian garnet. Its hardness is 7.5, only 2.5 points softer than the Kimberly diamond. * * The property has been deeded to the Alaska Garnet Mining and Manufacturing Co., which also has an abstract of title from the U. S. Commissioner of Mining at Wrangell.

The A. G. M. & M. Co. is directed by a company of Minneapolis and St. Paul women—business and professional women of high standing, who are earnestly, carefully and conscientiously working for the perfect success of the undertaking. A manufacturing plant for the cutting and polishing of these beautiful and semi-precious gems into articles of jewelry is being negotiated for and will be established within three months in the city of Minneapolis. Shipments of garnets extracted from the matrices will commence within six weeks, and by July 1, 1907, sufficient quantities of jewelry should be made up to put one representative on the road.

The fact that this is the first corporation in the world composed entirely of women has been published in nearly every city in the United States, and as a result we have received many communications of great value. We expect every woman in the United States to be interested (and what woman is uninterested in gems and jewelry) in our project and in seeing us succeed. We have already received much help and encouragement and many valuable suggestions from both men and women.

It is our plan to create a demand for the exquisite Alaska garnet and to be able to command a better price than for other garnets, because it is so much more brilliant and beautiful. The motto of the company is 'Progress; Success.' Of course, SENTINEL speaks the sentiments of every Alaskan when it says it wishes the plucky ladies unbounded success in their venture.

DEER HUNTING NOTES

On the first day of the open season, daylight found C. M. Coulter, Guy Carson, G. E. Rodman, Ed. Lyons, Frederick Bronson and George Snyder musing over the swamps and mountains at Totem Bay. Only two deer were killed, and these were two that were so thin and weak that they could not run, and the "big butcher" sneaked up on them and knocked them in the head with a club. Rodman was pretty sore over his ill luck, but the rest of the party didn't care a damn.

Philip Haught took a nannitch along the beach on Zarembo, several days last week, and returned to town Friday with two deer.

Messrs. Inman, Reid and Chapman, three "old sports" who have been over on Zarembo Island ever since the opening of the season, returned home Monday, having captured three deer.

One evening last week Mary Williams and Mary Twist, two native women were caught in the act of passing whiskey over the jail fence to George Shakes a prisoner. The women were nabbed by Marshal Grant and in the "sweet box" they declared that Frank Dandy had furnished them two bottles of whiskey and some beer. On the strength of this a warrant was issued for Mr. Dandy; a jury of twelve men said that he was guilty as charged and he was fined \$300 and costs by Judge Blane.

All Wrangellites were pleased to see the pleasant and familiar countenances of Hiram D. Campbell and Charles E. Weber, who came up on the Humboldt, remained a day or two and returned on the Dolphin. They have their job at Ketchikan well along, but the work will require the balance of this month. Mr. Sartoris, the chef of the Steadman, accompanied them on their trip.

Capt. A. J. Amundson, master of the Taku Jack, has been laying off the past week nursing a badly sprained right shoulder, caused by slipping and falling. The old pioneers who in former years were used to standing knocks and hardships without inconvenience to them, find that they are not as young as they used to be when overtaken by slight mishaps.

Deputy Prosecuting Attorney George Irving of Ketchikan, was in town during the week to prosecute the case of the United States vs. Frank Dandy. Mr. Irving makes an active, eloquent officer. He says that the report that he had resigned is a mistake.

Stickline Tribe No. 5
Imp. O. R. M.
Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.
ELMER J. FRESCOTT, Sachem.
A. V. B. SUTHER, C. of R.

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

FOR SALE—5 room house and one lot near the jail. For particulars inquire at this office. 7-11-3t

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL office.

Marshal J. M. Shoup and wife were passengers south on the Cottage City.

The Humboldt brought sixteen tons of freight and several passengers for this place, Sunday.

The Alaska and Garnet left out Tuesday afternoon with box shooks for the Chilkat cannery.

Ed Lyons went down to Anita Bay, Sunday, to tow a raft of red cedar logs to the shingle mill.

Mrs. E. H. Turner of Seattle arrived on the Humboldt on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Worden.

Hal McNair, deputy U. S. marshal at Juneau, came up on the Dolphin after a trip to Mt. Tabor, Portland.

Rev. J. S. Clark went to Juneau on the Seattle.

A portion of the Dundas Bay cannery recently gave way, precipitating 10,000 cases of salmon into the bay and killing two Chinamen. Too bad these figures were not reversed. Bob Bell is manager of the cannery.

A number of old shacks still stand in various parts of town, and should be torn down and removed.

Congressman Sulzer, who is touring the interior, says that he confidently expects Alaska to be granted territorial government at the next session of the national congress.

Donald Sinclair and family returned on the Pacific after a vacation of two weeks pleasantly spent in rusticating at St. John's Harbor.

Mayor McCormack returned Tuesday from his business trip to points on the Sound.

Christ Wedo and the two Berg boys found some fine rock last week. No particulars.

J. W. Gano was turning handspins on the roof of the shingle mill one day last week, and one of the boys, thinking that Gano had lost his mind, asked him what was the matter. Gano replied: "I've got the cutest and newest little daughter in Alaska, and by gosh, isn't that enough to make a man happy?"

Speaking again of the wreck of the Mount Royal, it seems that Captain Ducey's idea when he first heard of the wreck, was right. The boat was going down the river and it was at the upper end of the canyon that the swift current and the high wind forced the steamer onto the rocks.

The new and elegant C. P. Ry. Co.'s steamer Princess Royal called at this port for the first time, Monday afternoon, carrying about twenty tons of freight for the Cassiar section. Some of our townspeople inspected the new ship, and pronounce her a fine one.

Speaking of war between Uncle Sam and Japan, Jinks, our Chinese wood merchant, says: "Japan too small; no fightee United States; Japan fightee United States, China fightee and lickee Japan; Japan allee samsee sabs." And Jinks is no idiot.

In order to have the Wrangell Hotel, up to date in every detail, Johnny Grant is installing a thoroughly modern electric annunciator in every chamber. The Sergeants John Perry and Thomas Williams are doing the work.

Johnny Choquette and family left on the Cottage City for the Bell Island hot springs with a view to improving John's health, which has been bad.

Fred Campen last week sold the little launch Anita to Harvey Taylor and Ace Hollenbeck. This is one of the most reliable launches in the country.

Frederick Bronson, Jr., went to Petersburg on the Alaska, Tuesday. From there he goes to Point Ellis on the Catherine M. for an outing.

Miss Eugene Terry, who has been visiting with Mrs. Neilson for a couple of weeks past, left on the Dolphin for her home in Ogden, Utah.

Sim Freeman, who used to be inspector of customs at this place, was a passenger north on the Humboldt after a visit to Portland.

Miss Virginia Clark has returned to Wrangell after quite an extended visit at Petersburg.

Free lunch of cheese and port wine at all hours at the cannery. Inquire of Mrs. Denny.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

St. Michael Trading Company

New Spring Goods Are Arriving Continually
Oil Clothes—Cannery Supplies

Large Assortment Ladies' Suiting and White Goods

Tin Shop in Connection

Camp Stoves, Heaters and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Odd Jobs on Short Notice

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

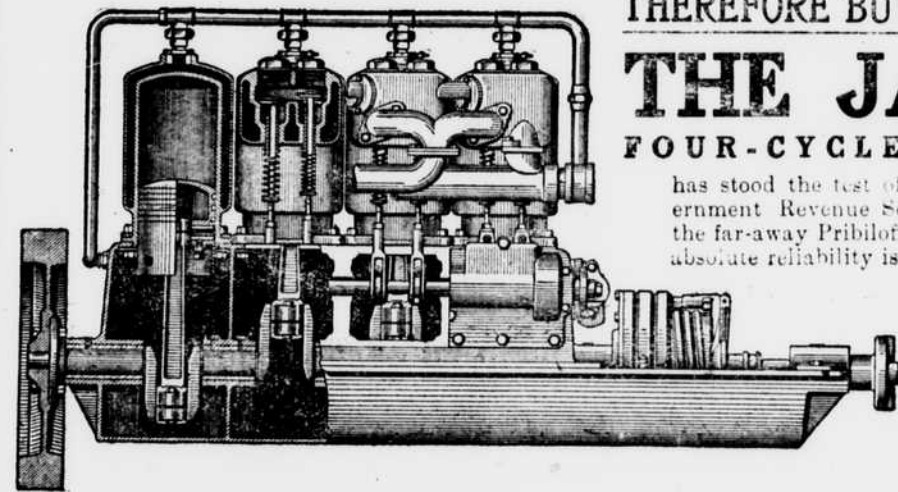
Before Buying an Engine

Consider: That you will get just what you pay for; That you can't get something for nothing; That cheap engines are troublesome and expensive; That "the best is none too good."

THEREFORE BUY THE BEST

THE JAGER
FOUR-CYCLE ENGINE

has stood the test of the U. S. Government Revenue Service by use in the far-away Pribiloff Islands, where absolute reliability is very necessary.



LIGHT OR
HEAVY
FROM THREE
TO FORTY
HORSEPOWER

Moderate in Price, But Not "Cheap"

The JAGER ENGINE is not built to compete, as to selling price, with the so-called cheap engines, neither does the buyer pay for the name plate; but the engine is designed and built for service and immunity from repairs. Nothing but the best grades of material and the highest-skilled mechanics are used in their construction. The carburetor, firing and exhaust mechanism is specially designed to prevent the extravagant use of fuel and at the same time furnish the maximum power. This saving of fuel, alone, will more than make up the difference in price between THE JAGER and the "cheap" engines. Before applying power to your rowboat or sailboat, inquire for prices of

GEO. C. L. SNYDER, Wrangell, Agent for Southeastern Alaska

THE
**WILLIAMSON
HAFFNER CO**
OUR CUTS TALK
ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS
DENVER

L. C. Patenaude had a letter from our old friend, Robert Reid, a few days ago, and from the tone of it it would seem that the old pioneer is not doing as well as his many friends at this place had hoped. He is still in the hospital at Victoria, B. C. We all hope to hear of his early and permanent recovery and return to Wrangell.

SOME VERY GOOD
SKIN BEAUTIFIERS
and TAN ERADICATORS

Almarosa Cream and Almarosa Talcum Powder

These are two new preparations which have been giving excellent satisfaction in the east, and are used extensively. Buy them of

THE BAKER DRUG CO.
Wrangell, Alaska

Howard Hungerford and Charley Benjamin returned Monday after doing a week's prospecting on Aaron's Creek, down the back channel. They did not find much mineral, but had a good outing, just the same.

Messrs. Coulter, Patenaude, Vreath, Carson, Cunningham and Jensen started up the Stikine, Sunday, expecting to fill their creels with monster trout. But the tide spoiled their sport and probably prevented many a "big fish" tale.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

This year's poets are complaining of a lack of suitable rhymes for "Pocahontas."

Professor Zuehlke says Americans are becoming bloodthirsty. That may come from eating too much breakfast food.

How many men do you imagine there are in the country who blush when the question of who is the greatest American is asked?

The French artist who has painted President Roosevelt's portrait "in a restful pose" must have portrayed him in a sound sleep.

The Sultan of Morocco is said to be very chummy with his dentist; but what could be more natural, since the man undoubtedly has a pull?

Dr. Osier says hope is one of the best medicines people can have. A good thing about such medicine is that one can hardly take an overdose of it.

A farmer has a litter of seven pigs, each with six feet. If nothing happens to them, the outlook for the pickled pigs' feet crop will be promising.

The scientist who says the moon is green must be mistaken. The silvery orb has looked down upon too many spoony couples not know what's what.

Walter Wellman is going to take twenty-nine Siberian sled dogs with him on his trip to the north pole. As for us, we would prefer a nice porterhouse, medium.

"Mr. Roosevelt never overlooks an opportunity to praise motherhood," says a Baltimore paper. And why shouldn't he praise motherhood? Without it where would Mr. Roosevelt be to-day?

Nicola Tesla has publicly admitted that he can invent anything he pleases. If he wants to make a hit, he should invent a few new excuses for the use of men in the habit of staying out late at night.

A professor of something or other declares that "we shall know something about the spirit world in 200 years." It may be true, and then, again, the professor may simply have wanted to say something cheerful.

Before we use criminals for the purpose of producing antitoxins perhaps we would better make sure that in administering antitoxins derived from criminals we will not transmit crime germs into the systems of honest people.

If John D. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were to die to-day, John D. III. would control wholly or in substantial part approximately 475 great industrial, commercial and financial corporations. These corporations have a capitalization of \$5,239,098,802. This is the wealth of John D. Rockefeller, the elder. In such of those corporations as he would not own a majority of the stock, his word would nevertheless be law, since opposition to the Rockefeller wishes means a destructive fight.

The male spider is smaller and more elaborately decorated than the female as a rule. And it is stated in the secret archives of spider lore collected by men that "the courtship of spiders is frequently attended with grave peril to the male. The female, if not in a suitable temper, is peculiarly prone to attack and devour her admirer." If she happens to be in such a cannibalistic frame of mind nothing can save Romeo but his agility. There is no avoiding the conclusion that nature intended the female spider should "rule the roost" and, by analogy, that woman should rule man.

Speaking of the birth of a son to Alfonso and his wife, somebody observes that the royal infant will one day be king of Spain "if he lives." The qualification is well advised, but it is not complete. There is another condition equally important. The young prince will be king if he lives—and if the Spanish people happen to want a king when he submits his pretensions to the throne. King Edward of England is credited with declaring his belief that his successor will be chosen by a competitive civil service examination and the job has sufficient truth to make it somewhat grim. The king business is in no one too flourishing a condition and it grows less stable every year. The future of the Spanish baby is by no means assured.

"Oh, I just had a hunch." That is the way the successful man often explains a particularly wise and remunerative move on his part to the friends who want to know how he did it. "Lucky dog," the less successful ones remark as they walk away. Was he lucky? Or did he simply use a little of the ordinary amount of brains with which he was endowed? Where did he get the hunch? His "lucky" inspiration came from a habitual, intelligent use of brains. The "lucky dog" simply put two and two together and believed that they made four. He combined logic with confidence—and won. The man without the hunch is what he is for two reasons. Either he is too in-

dolent to put two and two together or else after he had put them together he was afraid that he had made a mistake and that they made something else besides four. A logical mind, ever on the alert to benefit the owner, almost without his conscious volition, is a product of careful training. If you are complaining that you never have had any lucky hunches, set yourself now to grasp the full meaning of every minute incident that arises in connection with each day's work. Do this every day. Do not let each day be complete in itself. Relate each day with its complex activities to each other day. Soon you will discover that some incident of to-day has a direct bearing upon some incident of some other day. You may be the only person who has made this discovery. If you are energetic you will use it to your own advantage. And there you are. Your lucky "hunch" has come. Try it. Don't be envying other lucky dogs. Make yourself an object for envy.

It is to be expected that an honest man, under oath in court or elsewhere, will make an accurate statement of what he has seen or heard? Most of us would say yes without much hesitation. Professor Munsterberg, the psychologist, of Harvard University, has no hesitation in saying no, although in so saying he impugns the ability, not the disposition, of witnesses to state the truth. The professor has made known, through the medium of a magazine article, some facts that may be new to many readers. His theme is the fallibility of human senses when it comes to stating facts accurately, and his object the adoption by courts of justice of tests to determine the credibility of witnesses. The examination of truth has made great advancement in many directions. Physiology, chemistry and other sciences may be called into court to determine in the most practical way, and with a certainty that precludes doubt, a long list of questions which once had to go unanswered. Blood tests and analyses of viscera for traces of poison are illustrations of this. What the courts do not take into account, according to Professor Munsterberg, is the fact that psychology has advanced as rapidly as other sciences, and now affords a means of testing the power of observation of witnesses, and consequently their truth-telling capacity, as definitely as other sciences determine the material facts. That inability to relate things accurately which is here considered, is, of course, wholly apart from any moral obliquity, any desire or intent to deceive. It is not a moral weakness, but a sort of mental color-blindness. Children sometimes play a game in which a number of objects are covered with a hat, then exposed a few seconds, and after being covered again, are described. This test of the powers of observation of different individuals is amusing. Professor Munsterberg himself, although he has a good memory and has trained it carefully, not long ago detected himself in testifying inaccurately about a burglary in his own house. He thought he had observed everything carefully, but subsequent examination proved that his recollections were all "slightly but significantly incorrect."

Best Hospital Service in the World.
Egypt can now pride herself on a hospital service the like of which is probably not to be found in the whole world. Some time ago Sir Ernest Cassel gave \$300,000 to the Egyptian government to establish ambulance eye hospitals. Dr. Max Callan of London was entrusted with the organization of the service, and he has accomplished his task. The ambulant hospital of which La Nature gives a detailed description has the appearance of a military camp. A number of tents accommodate the patients and their attendants, the largest serving as an operating room. Camp was pitched for the first time near Manufeh, in the Nile delta, and Dr. Callan, with his native assistants, treated there the diseases that are caused by the terrible dust raised by the hot desert wind at the equinox. At present the hospital, under Dr. Callan's personal supervision, is in the oasis Medina-el-Fayun, where already over 18,000 Egyptians have received medical treatment.

Lesser of Two Evils.
The burglar's wife was in the witness box, and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination. "Madam, you are the wife of this man?" "Yes." "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" "Yes." "How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?" "Well," the witness said sarcastically, "I was getting old and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar." The cross-examination ended there. —Tatler.

Keenly So.
"Are you interested in the vital issues of the hour?" "Intensely. Say, can you lend me 50 cents to get some lunch?"—Baltimore American.

A Lovers' Club has been formed, to study love. We don't know how it is put two and two together and believed that they made four. He combined logic with confidence—and won. The man without the hunch is what he is for two reasons. Either he is too in-

Even a sure-thing gambler is apt to lose out in the matrimonial game.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.
DO people so greatly change? Is sprightly conversation a lost art? Was there a time when everyone in society was gifted verbally? One of the chapters of the revised edition of "Manners and Social Usages" is devoted to "Society's Small-talk," and contains the observation that while there are persons who gain a reputation of being most agreeable people, because they talk sympathetically to anyone with whom they are brought into juxtaposition at a dinner or other social function, "there are others, deficient in this gift who can only say 'Really,' 'Indeed' and 'Oh' people," the writer affirms, "are the despair of the dinner-giver." But these people do not constitute a new species. Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in one of his essays, more than half a century ago, complained that "Humming, hawing and drawing are the three graces of our conversation." To prepare for talking, one must begin thinking. A man or a woman who is interested in people, in events or in books, should have no difficulty in finding subjects of conversation or in making observations likely to be well received. The best talkers naturally are people of culture, but culture may be acquired out of college as well as in. The days of the French salons are gone never to return. The habitués of the salons were men and women picked for their brilliancy of mind and speech, or for some other trait that made them interesting in society. But not all of them were equally gifted, some of them were better listeners than talkers. There is a refuge for the individual addicted to society, but without hope of succeeding as a talker—let him listen sympathetically to others who talk, and he will not lack appreciation.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

PLAIN SENSE FOR AUTOMOBILISTS.
THE automobile is not going to be regulated by persecution. It has come to stay. It may be largely used for pleasure just now, but its practical value is manifest and insures its permanence. When a business man can cover twenty to thirty miles in an hour or two and do in that time work that it would take him a day to do with a horse and buggy, it is just as idle to attempt to suppress that advantage by legislation as to attempt to suppress the introduction of railways or any other labor-saving device. The more reasonable the law—and by that we do not mean the more lenient, but the greater the liberty allowed consistent with the rights of the rest of the community—the more satisfactory will be the results to the non-automobile portion of the community. An excessively high speed ought not to be tolerated where it endangers any one but the occupants of the automobile; but what constitutes a high speed ought not to be measured by the performance of some broken-down cart horse. On the other hand any automobilist who habitually and unnecessarily puts in jeopardy the lives of others, who runs at high speed over narrow roads where the shying of a startled horse may cause an upset, who dashes through crowded thoroughfares or past cross streets where the approach of another vehicle is obscured, ought not only to be dealt with by the courts much more severely than is customary, but to be made to feel that he is an outlaw among representative automobilists. An enlightened selfishness dictates such a course no matter how disagreeable it may be; for the conduct of those automobilists who do offend is so outrageous and so inexcusable that unless it is clearly dem-

INDIAN GIRL'S "COMING OUT."
"In the early part of one September, I announced among the Apaches that my daughter, Eva, having attained womanhood, should put away childish things and assume her station as a young lady," says Geronimo, the famous old war chief of the Apaches, the story of his life. At a dance of the tribe she would make her debut, and then, or thereafter, it would be proper for a warrior to seek her hand in marriage. Accordingly invitations were issued to all Apaches and many Comanche and Kiowas to assemble for a grand dance on the green by the south bank of Medicine Creek, near the village of Naiche, former chief of the Chokos Apaches, on the first night of the moon in September. The festival were to continue for two days and nights. Nothing was omitted in preparations that would contribute to the enjoyment of the guests or the perfection of the observance of the religious rites. To make ready for the dancing, grass on a large circular space was closely cut. When the night came singing was led by Chief Naiche; Geronimo, assisted by his medicine men, directed the dance. First Eva advanced from among the women and danced once round the camp-fire; then, accompanied by another young woman, she again advanced and danced three times round the camp-fire; the next time she and three other young ladies advanced and danced four times round the camp-fire. This ceremony lasted about an hour. Next, the medicine-men entered, stripped to the waist, their bodies painted fantastically, and danced the sacred dances. They were followed by clown dancers, who amused the audience greatly. Then the members of the tribe joined hands and danced in a circle round the camp-fire for a long time. All the friends of the tribe were asked to take part in this dance, and when it was ended many of the old people retired and the "lovers' dance" began. The warriors stood in the middle of the circle, and the ladies, two and two, danced forward and designated some warrior to dance with them. The dance-

ing was back and forth on a line from the center to the outer edge of the circle. The warrior faced the two ladies, and when they danced forward to the center he danced backward; when they danced backward to the outer edge he followed, facing them. This lasted two or three hours, and then the music changed. Immediately the warriors assembled again in the center of the circle, and this time each of an engineer quitting the business for his wife or anyone else but once. I heard of a man who gave up the road at the solicitation of his sweetheart. But after they had been married a few years he went back and was killed in a wreck. "My husband has been an engineer on a fast mail train for nearly thirty years," said a woman with an unhappy face. "I have found that being an engineer's wife is kind of semi-widowhood. The only time that I am absolutely sure that I am not a widow is the two or three days out of each week that my husband is at home. "When we were first married he ran a switch engine in the yards and was at home every day. There wasn't so much danger of accidents in that. I hoped that he would always run one of these busy little engines with a headlight on both ends. "But my husband was ambitious like other engineers. He was not satisfied with work in the yards. I shall never forget the day that he came home and told that he had been promoted to the road. He seemed very much pleased. I hid my feelings and made an effort to share his pleasure with him. He ran a freight engine for a few years. Then he was advanced to a fast passenger engine. "The woman stopped talking for a moment and looked at the clock. "It's 3 o'clock now; let's see. He is near the town of L— now. A few miles this side of the place is a bridge across a river. I am always afraid of that bridge during high water. "She said that she had learned her husband's schedule by heart. Every hour of the day she knows just where his train should be at that time. She has been over his run many times and knows the location of every bridge, every high embankment and every dangerous curve. "The life of an engineer's wife is made up of many sad farewells. Each time that I see my husband leave it is with the thought that this may be his last trip. I believe that I owe my gray hairs to those hundreds of times that I have had to say good-by."—Kansas City Star.

A man never cares a great deal for the pictures taken of him when he is a baby.

onstrated that automobilists as a class will not protect the offenders the demand for restrictive legislation will become even more general than it has been. The autist needs to exercise common sense as well as the authorities.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE COST OF WAR.
EVERY century lives are wasted in war at the rate of 20,000,000 in Europe alone—an average of 200,000 every year. Two and a half million men fell on European battlefields during the first half of last century alone; and this slaughter cost Europe the colossal sum of \$8,850,000,000. Each victim cost \$2,600 to kill. In the Boer war each Boer killed cost England \$25,000. The daily expense of the Russo-Japanese war amounted to more than \$1,000,000 every day on the Japanese side; while the Russians had to foot a bill for \$2,500,000 every day—and this for a period of eighteen months! Now try to figure out what this war cost Russia and Japan. To the actual cost of carrying on war must be added the expense of preparation. The greater European nations every year spend many hundreds of millions of dollars each, preparing for war. It costs \$5,000,000 to build a modern battleship. A hundred-ton cannon costs \$75,000—a single discharge of these monsters burns up \$1,500, and they can be discharged only a few hundred times, then they are worn out. Is this not an insane waste of both human lives and money? Why do nations go to war, anyway? Because of jealousy, mostly. The great commercial nations, especially, are mutually distrustful, always afraid that the other will gain greater wealth and territory. Japan is looking with jealousy upon America, since we have territory (the Philippines) near its doors. England is jealous of Russia. Germany and France are always ready to fight should one or the other extend its influence in Africa.—Illustrated Home Journal.

THOUSANDS FIGHT AND TRIUMPH.
HARDLY a day passes that the newspapers of this city do not report one or more suicides or attempts at suicide. In the vast majority of cases "despondency" is given as the cause. That one word eloquently sums up the story. But all the despondency that triumphs in this way over the weakness of the few is infinitesimal compared with that which is dominated and beat down by brave hearts every day of the year. Those who want to take their own lives have no monopoly of this feeling. Thousands and thousands of men feel it come over them at times. The causes of it are infinite. But they do not yield to it because they cannot afford to. The husband with a wife and children to provide for bravely puts it aside for their sake and his own. The woman whose life is often a mere mechanical routine fights it down that those whom she loves may not be infected with her cheerlessness. These are the silent wars of which we do not read in the newspapers, but in which men and women reach the supreme heights of heroism. The other kind of war has more of noise and pageant and music. But in real grandeur it cannot compare with the victory of a single human soul over the weakness that leads to despondency or the despondency that ends in death.—Chicago Examiner.

of an engineer quitting the business for his wife or anyone else but once. I heard of a man who gave up the road at the solicitation of his sweetheart. But after they had been married a few years he went back and was killed in a wreck. "My husband has been an engineer on a fast mail train for nearly thirty years," said a woman with an unhappy face. "I have found that being an engineer's wife is kind of semi-widowhood. The only time that I am absolutely sure that I am not a widow is the two or three days out of each week that my husband is at home. "When we were first married he ran a switch engine in the yards and was at home every day. There wasn't so much danger of accidents in that. I hoped that he would always run one of these busy little engines with a headlight on both ends. "But my husband was ambitious like other engineers. He was not satisfied with work in the yards. I shall never forget the day that he came home and told that he had been promoted to the road. He seemed very much pleased. I hid my feelings and made an effort to share his pleasure with him. He ran a freight engine for a few years. Then he was advanced to a fast passenger engine. "The woman stopped talking for a moment and looked at the clock. "It's 3 o'clock now; let's see. He is near the town of L— now. A few miles this side of the place is a bridge across a river. I am always afraid of that bridge during high water. "She said that she had learned her husband's schedule by heart. Every hour of the day she knows just where his train should be at that time. She has been over his run many times and knows the location of every bridge, every high embankment and every dangerous curve. "The life of an engineer's wife is made up of many sad farewells. Each time that I see my husband leave it is with the thought that this may be his last trip. I believe that I owe my gray hairs to those hundreds of times that I have had to say good-by."—Kansas City Star.

A man never cares a great deal for the pictures taken of him when he is a baby.

A fashion hint is about the only kind some women will take.



Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Chair Brought in the Mayflower.
How frequently do we obtain, from the ordinary articles of domestic life which they were accustomed to use, a correct idea of the habits and tastes of whole communities which have long since passed away. A striking instance of this is the chair, of which the above is a correct sketch. It belonged to John Carver, who was one of the band of single-hearted men who constituted the Pilgrim Fathers, and who after first setting out from Holland, eventually sailed from Plymouth, in England, in August, 1620. They landed in Cape Cod Harbor, New England, on the 9th of November following. Carver was one of the chief spirits of the band, and the chair which we have sketched was one of his best articles of furniture, which he took with him in the Mayflower. He was elected the first governor of the community, and died in the year following his election. How forcibly does it show the simplicity of taste, and the freedom from pomp and vanity which characterized the devoted and fearless men who left their native shores, and sought "freedom to worship God" in a land to them unknown, that they should have selected as their first governor, an individual, the best chair in whose house was the homely article which we have here depicted.

WAS IN THE SIEGE OF PEKIN.
E. H. Conger, ex-Minister to China, Who Died in California.
Only a few years ago, when the Europeans and Americans in Peking, China, were being besieged in the foreign legation by the murderous Boxers, the name of Edwin H. Conger was familiar to everybody. Recently Mr. Conger died in Pasadena, Cal. Mr. Conger was a native of Illinois and was 64 years of age. He served through the civil war and rose to the rank of major. After the war he graduated in law and practiced in Galesburg, Ill. Soon afterwards he went to Iowa and engaged in politics, banking and stock raising. He served two terms as State Treasurer of Iowa and three terms in Congress. In 1890 President Harrison appointed him Minister to Brazil. In 1898 Mr. McKinley transferred him to China. In the troublous times of the Boxer rebellion it was he who succeeded in sending dispatches to America when other foreign representatives could get nothing through. In 1891 he served for a brief time as Minister to Mexico.

DOG WAS HARMLESS.
Brave Policeman Missed Chance to Get a Medal.
The occupants of the residence at 446 Hale street came to Policeman Anderson last night in dire distress, telling him in jerky sentences that a huge mastiff, or bulldog, "they didn't know which," had taken refuge under the "company bed," and that all their efforts to dislodge the canine from its adopted stronghold had proven unsuccessful, says the Augusta Chronicle. The officer, ever on the alert to render any assistance necessary to the people on his beat, repaired hastily to the house in question, picturing the while to himself the mortal combat which was destined to take place when

he should try his hand at routing the enemy. Intent, it seemed, upon making the picture all the worse, the frightened natives who had sought out Policeman Anderson put in good time while the party was approaching the house in describing the terrible foamings of the mouth, the greenish-hued eyes of the hydrophobically inclined canine, and, in general, the unmistakable signs evinced by his dogship to the effect that it had started on the warpath with blood in its eye. Just as the policeman was in the act of entering the house he spied a goose-necked hoe. "An ideal weapon," he exclaimed, with set jaws and a gleam in his steely gray eyes, which betoken sudden and terrible death for the dog which had dared to encroach upon the privacy of a man's hearthstone. The room had been deserted while the policeman was coming to the rescue, and he was followed by a few of the braver ones of the family, who entered the apartment on tiptoe. "Yes! Yes! Be quick, for God's sake be quick, man; that dog may leap upon you at any moment." The policeman poked the murderous-looking hoe under the clean-sheeted "company bed," and a thunderous growl caused his blood to run cold. After many skillful manipulations he succeeded in hemming in the beast, and then dragged from the mysterious hiding place the dog with rabies which had caused all the trouble. It's really a shame to go any further—but here it comes. The mad dog, to use Policeman Anderson's own language, was nothing more than a "shaggy little old 'nigger' dog," and as it emerged, dusty, from under the bed, it fawned upon the nerved policeman and licked his outstretched hand.

INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.
Length of Pace and Speed in the Armies of the World.
The average rate of march of the armies of to-day so far as drill is concerned, is about 120 paces a minute, or about two steps a second. However, there are some small differences in the different armies, and a few troops are trained to march at a much higher rate of speed. The Russian soldier takes 112 to 113 steps a minute, the German 114, the Austrian 115, the French, Italian and United States 120. The French chasseurs, however, make 145 and the Italian Bersagliere 150. The length of the pace should, of course, also be considered. The Russian pace is 28 inches, the Austrian 29½, the French and Italian 30, while the German is 31½ and therefore surpasses all others. The Russian soldier can therefore cover in one minute from 77.1 to 90.2 yards, the Austrian 93.5, the French and Italian 98.4, while the German covers more than any—very nearly 100 yards. But in modern battle it is a question of utilizing cover, rapidly moving over short intervals from cover to cover, climbing over hedges and other obstructions, more than marching. Witness the small and agile Japanese and the tall, robust Russians. Marching power comes into play in getting troops into position, but it is usually more staying power than the capacity to march well at drill or maneuvers that counts in the long run. Nevertheless, troops can be intelligently trained to do both, and both will come into play in action.—New York Sun.

Their Mecca.
"But, dear," said the caller, "I don't see why you should care to change the name of your charming little country place. Idlewhille is so romantic. It seems to signify dreamy idleness." "That's just the trouble," replied the housewife. "It was too suggestive." "In what way?" "Why, it attracted all the tramps in the county."—Chicago News.

My Hair Ran Away

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? That would mean thin, scraggly, uneven, rough hair. Keep your hair at home! Fasten it tightly to your scalp! You can easily do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is something more than a simple hair dressing. It is a hair medicine, a hair tonic, a hair food.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured by
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worth your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

REAL ESTATE

EAST GREENWICHES.

The only tract on the market where you can contract to sell your crop. Ten trains a day. Abundance of water. Price \$150.00 per acre—easy payments—come in or write for particulars.
BEECHER & THOMPSON.

Spokane, Wash. 110 Stevens.

GOLDEN WEST

COFFEE
TEA SPICES
BAKING POWDER
EXTRACTS
JUST RIGHT
CLOSEST & DEVER'S
PORTLAND, ORE.

For all stomach troubles such as Chronic Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Distress after eating Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Belching, Return of food etc., that new remedy called The Scotch Dyspepsia Remedy is truly wonderful. Even one dose of it has often relieved distressing pain, while a 50c box of the medicine has sometimes been all that was necessary to buy. If you buy \$1.00's worth of this medicine at one time, take it strictly according to the directions, and you do not find it the best that you ever tried, your money will be cheerfully refunded. If your druggist does not keep it, it will be sent postpaid by address to The Scotch Medicine Co., 5238 Brooklyn Ave., Seattle, Wash.

20-MULE-TEAM BORAX FOR THE SKIN
The skin can be stimulated by bathing with the face twice a day with a hot solution of "20-MULE-TEAM" BORAX; one teaspoonful to a pint of water (see cut), then bathe or sponge for five or ten minutes with clear cold water until the skin is in a fine healthy glow; dry with a soft towel.

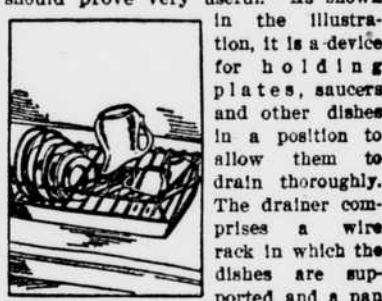
YOU CAN DO Better Here
Ainslie Boyd Co.
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The mail order cash and door house
This Handsome Window
36x40 and 16x40
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FARMERS You want to get all you can out of your labor. We buy your fruit, vegetables and eggs at highest rates. We want the best Strawberries and Cherries particularly. Free stencil.
A. D. BLOWERS & CO., Seattle
Established 12 Years

LILLY'S BEST FLY KILLER
Means cash in your pocket, because comfortable cows mean more milk, more cream and more money. Ask for Lilly's Best Fly Killer. It costs less and does more. Sold by dealers. Qt., 25 cts.; gal., \$1.00. Made by Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco.

The goose that laid the golden egg now has a rival in some Massachusetts hens. It is reported from Great Barrington that a citizen of that town took six eggs from his henhouse to his wife, who planned to use them for supper. The first egg she opened contained a silver dime. The woman made more of a commotion at the discovery than the hen when she laid the egg, and she called the attention of her husband to the coin. The next egg was just an egg, the third contained a dime, and so did the fifth. This free coinage of silver at the ratio of one coin to two eggs was not to go unexplained, for the newspaperer who reported the incident says that the hens had been feeding on a public dump. It is not necessary to vouch for the accuracy of the story, but one is inclined to suggest that Aesop as well as the goose may have a rival. But the spring seems to be the season for hen stories. One has come from Washington, N. J. It is about a hen which was discovered in a neighbor's parlor, cackling over an egg that she had just laid on a sofa pillow. The next day the hen went to the house of another neighbor, and laid an egg in the kitchen sink; and a day or two later it visited a third house, and left an egg in an egg-cup on the fourth pantry shelf. The news gatherer who tells of this hen says that her owner is planning to establish an egg route and send the hens round each morning to deliver the goods.

Dish Drainer.
Among the recent inventions for household use is a dish drainer, which should prove very useful. As shown in the illustration, it is a device for holding plates, saucers and other dishes in a position to allow them to drain thoroughly. The drainer comprises a wire rack in which the dishes are supported and a pan to catch the drip. Diagonally across the frame are span wires, a considerable number of dishes being thus accommodated in a comparatively small space. As the span wires touch the dishes only in one spot, there is nothing to prevent thorough cleansing, the drainage being perfect. The dishes may be washed or partially washed before being inserted in the rack, or, as some prefer, they can be placed in the rack exactly as they come from the table and then cleansed by pouring boiling water over them.



While not a member sworn in to commit crime, every boy, judging from appearance, is a member of a Black Hand society.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lettoy, New York.

SHORT SUGGESTIONS.
Use cooking soda to shine nickel on range.
A pinch of salt added to the coffee will improve its aroma.
Tea and coffee stains on cups will soon disappear if rubbed with a little damp salt.
A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke when water alone is of no avail.
In using ammonia for domestic purposes one tablespoonful to a quart of water is about the ordinary proportion.
Alcohol rubbed into a carpet will effectively remove a varnish stain. This should be done after the carpet has been taken up and shaken.
To frost a bathroom window, dissolve Epsom salts in vinegar, making as strong a solution as possible. Apply this to the inside of the window panes with a brush and, when dry, give it a coat of white varnish.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 501 Arch St., Philadelphia.

The Start and the Finish.
Why do you fear to become a reformer? "Because," answered Senator Borah, "the way of the reformer is easy only as long as he is telling people what they ought to have. It becomes difficult when it is time to apologize for not giving it to them."—Washington.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
A rather puzzling question is involved in the so-called "Valjean" cases like that of William January, who escaped from prison and after leading a blameless life for several years was recaptured. It is claimed in such cases that it would be cruel and unmerciful to send the reformed sinner back to prison, and perhaps it would. But here we are confronted by the question, Why should the prisoner who escapes be given an advantage over the prisoner who could not escape? If January, for instance, never had got out of the Kansas penitentiary would anybody be demanding his pardon? These "Valjean" cases deserve thoughtful consideration rather than merely sentimental impulse.



The Sly Little Man.
I know of a dry little, sly little man, Who comes o'er our threshold whenever he can; Though little he cares for the sunshine and light, He haunts our library when it is night.
When papa is reading his paper with care, And I'm dozing all snug in the cushioned armchair, When mamma looks up from her sewing—"My dear, Perhaps you don't know that the sandman's been here!"

Then I hunt round the curtain, on top of the books, 'Neath table and table, in all sorts of nooks, And out on the stairway, and down in the hall; But I can't find the sly little sandman at all.

A Nonsense Rhyme.
There was a bad boy who did fight The small boys with all of his might; But a big boy one day For the fighter did lay, And he left him in pitiful plight.



A Remarkable Boy.
The most remarkable instance of a human being's rapid growth and maturity, and subsequent decline, is one recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It is that of a boy, whose voice changed at the age of 5, whose height at 8 was 5 feet 6 inches, and whose beard was then grown, making him appear to be 30 years old. He had great physical strength and could easily lift and carry a bag of grain weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. His hair and beard turned gray when he was 8 years old; at 10, he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out and his hands became palsied. He died at 12, with every sign of extreme old age.

Frankie's Lesson.
"Frankie, you may tell me what you wish first," said Miss Barrows, the primary teacher, as three of her small pupils raised their hands at the same time one Friday afternoon.
"Please may I sit in Tommy Lawrence's seat this afternoon?" asked Frankie, in a strange little voice. "The sun is hot here."
The two other little boys whose hands had been in the air quickly dropped them, looking very much surprised and confused.
"Why, yes," answered Miss Barrows, but her tone was a little doubtful. The sun certainly was very bright where Frankie sat.
Frankie settled himself in his new seat, but he did not feel half so happy as he supposed he would when the coveted privilege had been granted him. There was the most wonderful book in Tommy's desk! There were pictures of cowboys and Indians in it—and pirates! Tommy Lawrence was going to be a pirate when he grew up—he had confided his ambition to them that morning when he brought the book to school.
When he thought it over, he could not very well look at the pictures in that book without Miss Barrows seeing it, and if she saw it she would take it away, of course.
This was the day the silver stars were given out. So far he had carried one home every Friday that term, and how proud his mother was to see the proof of her little son's good behavior! He did not dare look at that book, now he so near it. Oh, how he did wish he had been content to sit at his own desk and wait until some other time to see those pirates!

Two big tears splashed down on his composition and made a dreadful blot. Miss Barrows was coming up the aisle, and she was so particular about neatness. He hastily thrust the ink paper into his desk until the teacher passed by. He drew it out again, to find that the most awful thing had happened! The composition had blotted itself on the brilliant cover of the pirate book! What should he do? Frankie had never felt so miserable before in his life. He felt so ashamed when he looked at that star.

He rolled up the book that was the cause of so much misfortune and tucked it under his blouse. Then as soon as school was over he craved his playmates and ran all the way to Tommy Lawrence's house. His hand trembled so he could hardly ring the bell, but he had made up his mind that the only thing to do was to see Tommy Lawrence.
Tommy's mother came to the door. "Is Tommy sick?" he asked.
"No, the future pirate is in his usual health," replied Mrs. Lawrence, with a smile, "but he is under punishment

for taking a book to school. He had promised he would leave it at home. I hope you always mind your mother, Frankie," she continued. "You are a good boy at school, I see, for you have a silver star."
"Oh, no, I'm not!" cried Frankie. "I've been bad to-day. I came to tell you"—and he laid his head on Tommy's mother's shoulder, and sobbed out the story of his misdeed.
"It is more Tommy's fault than yours," said Mrs. Lawrence. "If he had obeyed me and left that book at home, then there would have been no trouble, but if you were my little boy I should have you go back to school and tell your teacher, so that you would be sure to remember this."
"Yes'm," said Frankie. "I'm going."
Miss Barrows did not make him give up his star. She told him that she was sure that no punishment would be necessary to make him remember his lesson.—Youth's Companion.

What Vaudeville Means.
Vaudeville entertainments in our theaters have become so popular and so general that some interest attaches to the queer origin of the term. It is a corruption of Vaux de Vire, the name of two picturesque valleys of Normandy. It was originally applied to a song with words relating to some story of the day. These songs were first composed by a fuller, who lived at Vire, and having become quite popular in France, they were called by the name of their native place, Vaux de Vire. The origin of the name was soon lost sight of, however, and it took its present form, vaudeville.

DIRECTING THE WAYFARER.
The Cornishman is proverbially indirect when he gives information in regard to any matter of local interest. The same trait is to be remarked even when the Cornishman has been on this side of the ocean for several generations. In his recent book, "Cornish Saints and Sinners," the author, Mr. Harris, gives an account of an interview.

"Hallo, my mar! Which is the way to Churchtown?" Guy shouted to a laborer who seemed to be doing his best to prop up a hedge.
The man struck work at once and came forward leisurely. He eyed us up and down as if making a mental register of our marks; then he seemed to take an interest in us and our business.

"Going Church-town, art a?"
"Yes, and which is the way?"
"Want to see Farmer? Well, then, he isn't at home. Farmer had fine field of wheat in ten-acre field, sure 'nough, and he's gone to market. He was drashing yesterday, and the drashing machine cut off Tom Curnow's fingers. Yes, sure it did."
"We don't want Farmer," said Guy, cutting in.
"Well, then, Tom Treblecock? Tom's cow's a good milker. Didn't know Tom was going to sell."
"Never mind Tom. Tell us the way, the what-you-like-to-call-it, to Churchtown."
"There's passun's house close to the church, and passun's little mare is a good 'un to travel. They do say—"
"How do we get there?"
"Ef so be you're a hurry you needn't go, cos Farmer's drivin' mare to market."
"We'd like to get there by daylight," said Guy, gravely.
"Sartinly;" and then the man gathered himself together for a supreme effort. "You do go through a meadow-close and a plain-close, and then into high-lane, and volly on, and there you be, sure."
"But where is meadow-close?"
"Oh, back along."
"But where?"
"Back along to stie."
"Thank you very much, my good man."

We left the man apparently wondering what sort of animals there were at large that didn't know the way to Churchtown. Gradually he unbent himself and went back to prop up the hedge.

Founder of "Old Moore's" Almanac.
"Old Moore," under whose name almanacs and prophecies have been appearing regularly for generations, was not a charlatan. His name was Henry Andrews. He was a bookseller of London and, according to an old yearbook, "his prophecies were as much laughed at by himself as by the Worshipful Company of Stationers, for whom he manufactured them, in order to render Moore's almanac saleable among the ignorant, in whose eyes a lucky hit covered a multitude of blunders."

Advertisement.
"Why do you allow yourself to be posted at your club?"
"Well," answered the easy-going youth, "it's a large club and a swell one, and no one would know I was a member of it unless I got posted now and then."—Washington Star.

Disappointed.
Inquisitive—If, as you say, you knew this man to be a rake, why did you invite him to your house?
Henpeck—Heavens, man! I never dreamed he would elope with my daughter; I thought he would carry off my wife.—Translated for Tales from Le Rire.
Tempted and tried, won and tied—then divorce proceedings and alimony. Jealousy is the tobacco sauce for love.

ETIQUETTE OF THE MOSLEM.

One Must Always Be in Good Humor and Talk Pleasant Things.

Here are some interesting Muslim injunctions of conviviality. The honor of being served first belongs to the invited guest who is in the possession of any high title or who has in any way or sphere distinguished himself. If the host himself is the oldest in the company or has any high decoration of merit he must first begin the meal without delay in order not to let the others unduly wait. It shows bad upbringing to be in a melancholy mood at table or to speak of disagreeable things or to engage in inappropriate discussions on matters of religious piety. Foremost of all, one must always be in good humor and talk of pleasant things, as did the prophet himself.

You must always help yourself from the side of the dish nearest to you and never try to find out the best bits, which ought to be left for other guests. If one of the invited has not much appetite you must ask him up to three times with some kind chosen words to partake of the meals. A longer insistence would cause ennui and would be most inappropriate. You must never stop eating before others, because in doing so you will embarrass them and cause them to finish quickly in imitating you.

Never eat gluttonously, but also never attempt to conceal your good appetite. Always eat little by little. Exaggerated compliments are always misplaced. The host's duty is to make his guests feel as comfortable as possible, encouraging the timid and shy. It is contrary to good taste to address and to fix the attention of a guest when he is eating. Even if the host is not accustomed to eat much he must always try not to finish before others. Should any dish be forbidden to him by his medical attendant he certainly must not partake of it, but must, at the same time, excuse himself before his guests.

It is absolutely necessary to avoid every movement or gesture which is apt to create disgust.—London Lancet.

DIAMOND DOGGEREL.



Who is the gent with open face,
Of sense or reason not a trace,
Who weeps or cheers, as goes the game,
And dreams of naught but pennant race?
The fan.



Who is it bawls, and bawls, and bawls,
And yowls, and whoops, and madly squalls
In language like a brakeman's tongue,
Which yet the rooting mob enthral?
The coacher.

Record of Animal Hospital.
There have been nearly 6,000 cases of suffering animals, from an injured cab horse to a consumptive lizard, treated at the Animals' hospital in Westminster, London, the last nine months. One of the latest inmates is a 2-year-old hen, which is suffering from a peculiar disease in the crop. The hen in the hospital is the last one of a family of nine, the others having died from the same disease. A unique operation is being resorted to by the doctor to save the hen's life. Every day a rubber tire is inserted in the bird's mouth, and its crop is filled with warm water. Then the water is allowed to trickle out.

A Sherlock Holmes.
"You are angry, madam."
"How do you know? You have just come in."
"I met your best friend leaving the house in a new and stunning costume."
—Meggsendorff Blaetter.

An old man is always boasting about his aches and pains.

BAD BLOOD THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The H. F. NORTH

Promt Cash Returns for Consign Full Market Value. Write for price 206 Third Avenue South

BANKING BY MAIL
WRITE FOR BOOKLET



Uncertainty.
Dis life is like a road dat ev'body to travel.
Foh some it's rocks an' briars, an' others easy gravel.
It's twistin' an' it's turnin', An' dar ain' no way of leavin' What's waitin' roun' de corner. Sing a little song; Sing a little song an' keep jour along.

Keep a trudin', honey, even stormy weather; 'Cause when you turns a corner, de change it altogether.
If yoh footsteps grow uncertain An' de hardship gits to hurtin', Jes' practice foh what's comin' an' bes' to smile;
Do yoh bes' to smile an' wait a while.
—Washington Star.

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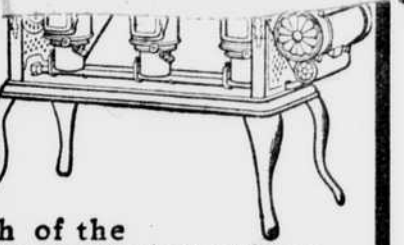
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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

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steamship line is an important enough link in the transportation system of this coast to entitle its patrons to the finest ships that float, and to their rightful handling and equipment under all circumstances and at all times. * * * The old Columbia was a popular carrier in this service simply because she was in the hands of a man who always did his utmost for the safety and comfort of his passengers; but no man, be he ever so wise and affable, can supply every phase of safety, comfortable as he may make his people; his owners must see to that. The P. & S. F. boats should be built on the latest, and best models with all the agencies for safety, such as collision bulkheads, wireless plants and every minor device known to maritime service, no matter what the cost; and an outraged coast public is going to demand a radical change and is going to get it. The vessels that follow the Columbia on this run, have got to possess some inherent quality of modern safety, aside from the mere care taken by their commanders. Dividends and deaths, as a policy, is about played out, and much is expected of the company by way of up-to-date and reliable service.

William D. Haywood, who has been on trial at Boise, Idaho, for complicity in the murder of ex-governor Steunenberg, has been acquitted. It was to have been expected. When a man's life or freedom is placed in jeopardy through the testimony of a self-confessed murderer, bigamist, burglar, incendiary, thief, liar and fraud, the mind of the average American juror revolts and turns in sympathy toward the accused. The prosecution should have kept Orchard in the background if they hoped for a conviction. And in this connection it is pertinent to remark that where men prefer charges against or become witnesses against another, they should be sure that they are law-abiding and free from guilt. This applies in Alaska as well as in other parts of the country.

Mr. John P. Clum, postmaster at Fairbanks, announces himself an active candidate as delegate to congress at the election to occur in August of next year. Mr. Clum is well acquainted with Alaskan affairs. But how does he stand on the question of self-government? When he said in a recent speech: "I firmly believe there are those within the hearing of my voice today who will live to see Alaska earnestly and confidently knocking at the door of the national congress for admission as a sovereign state," he evades the question. The question is, if he were exalted to the position to which he aspires, would he use his honest endeavors to bring about the conditions to which he refers. Nothing short of a sacred, iron clad declaration on this point will satisfy the voters of Alaska. The people of Alaska are in earnest on this proposition.

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SCIENCE AND NIGGARDLINESS.

Whenever a good thing comes out of the realm of science, says the Astorian, the world commends it and the wealthy are left to buy it and apply it, the poor man contenting himself with mild appreciation and decided longing. When the new marvel is of a character to benefit it is presumed that all concerns to whom the handling of humanity in bulk is a matter of business, will be the first to impress the safeguard into service to make additional money and certain reputation thereby.

But there are cheap people among the rich, especially among the corporate rich, and to this niggardliness in high places is frequently due, as in the case of the lamented Columbia, immense sacrifices of life and property, the price paid in this instance of syndicated cheese-jarring, being 72 human lives. * * * The Portland-San Francisco